

SUPPLY DROP – MALAYA – 1956.

At the end of the runway we turn around,
The Flight Sergeant flying the plane.
With roaring engines we leave the ground,
It's good to be airborne again.

Kuala Lumpur suburbs then pass below,
Where we see the stained river run.
With Mosque and park, where palm trees grow,
And dark children play in the sun.

Through a gap in the pure white blanket of cloud,
A bright jungle valley glowed green.
But away from the sun, beneath the thick shroud,
The brooding dark hills can be seen.

Down into a small jungle clearing we flew,
At the end of a frightening dive.
Where biscuits and water and tea for a brew,
Were dropped to help soldiers survive.

Then onward, to Kuala Kalu Baru,
Where leaflets were dropped from the sky.
In colours of red and yellow and blue,
Glowing rainbows that fell from on high.

We circle the drop zone, in brilliant sunlight,
The Observers and crew cry our loud.
To see clusters of leaflets in colours so bright,
Against towering white cumulus cloud.

Then along the coast the plane flies low,
Past mangrove swamps by the shore.
Over Junk, Sampan, Dingy and Dhow,
Muddy smells coming in through the door.

With our parcels all gone we now turn to go,
Homeward bound, our work is all done.
We see the airfield ahead now, far, far below,
Gleaming bright in the clear midday sun.